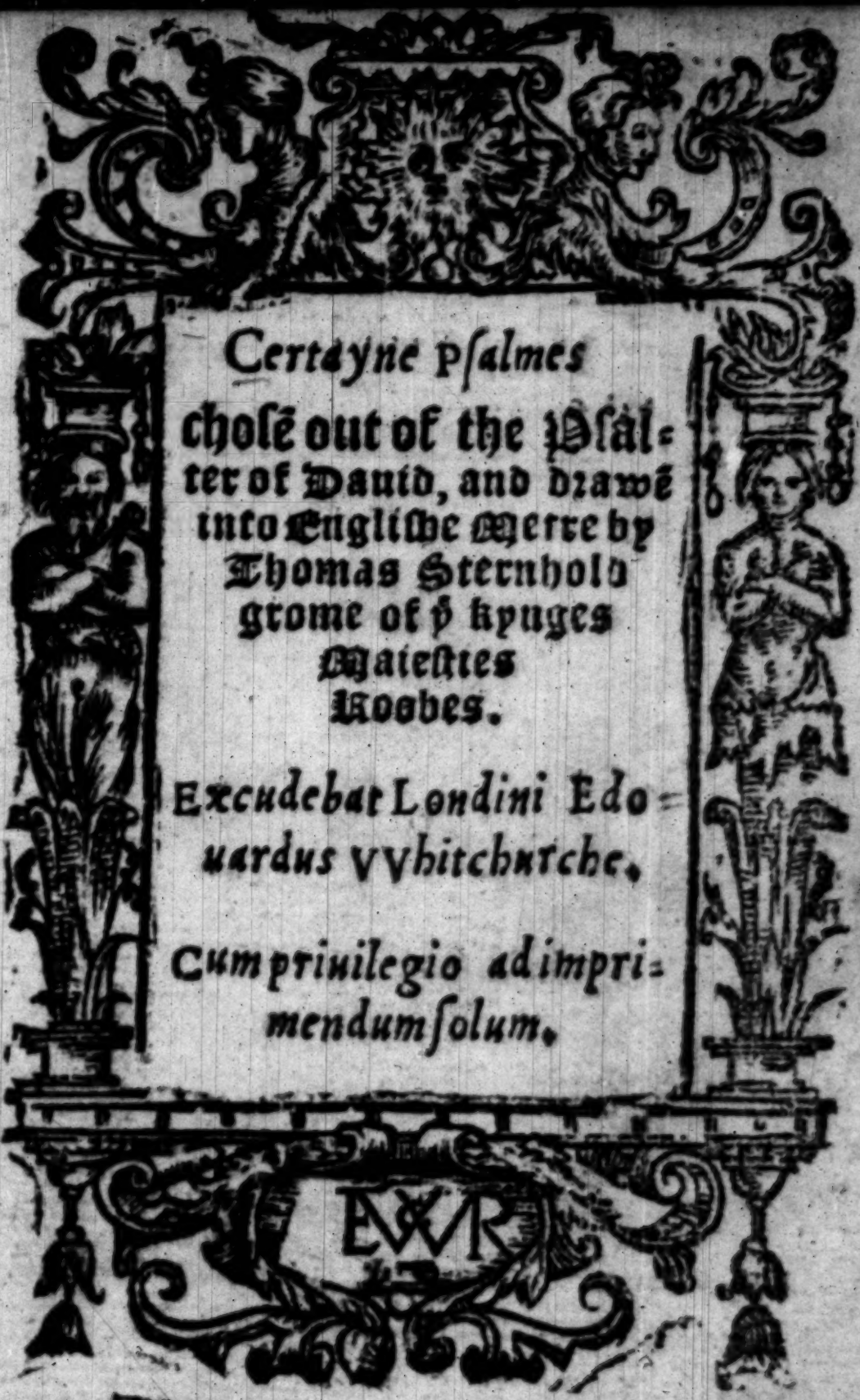

Certayne pſalmes

chosē out of the Pſal-
ter of Dauid, and drawē
into Englishe Meetre by
Thomas Sternhold
grome of ꝑ kynges
Maieſties
Roobes.

Excudebat Londini Edo-
uardus VVhitchurche.

Cum priuilegio ad impri-
mendum ſolum.

EVR

our soueraigne Lorde kyng Edward the.vi. kyng of Englande, Fraunce, & Ireland, defendour of the fayth, & in earth of the churche of Englande and also of Ireland, the supreme head, Thomas Sternhold Grome of his Maiesties Robes, wisheth increase of healthy, honour, and felicitie.

ALthough, most noble Soueraigne, the grossenesse of my witte doth not suffice to searche out the secret misteries hydden in the booke of Psalmes, which by the opinion of many learned menne, comprehendeth theffecte of the whole Byble: yet trustyng to ỹ goodnes of God, which hath in hys hand ỹ kepe thereof, whiche shutteth and no man openeth, openeth & no man shutteth, albeit I cãnot geue to your Maiestie great loaues therof, or brig into

the lordes barne, full handfulles, yet to thintente I woulde not appeare in the haruest vtterly ydle and barraine, beyng warned with the example of the drye fyggtree, I am bolde to presente vnto youre Maiestie, a fewe crummes whiche I haue pyked vp frome vnder the lordes bord, and am glad with the pore woman Ruth, the Moabite, to come behynde, and gather a fewe eares of corne after the reapers, rendrynge thankes to almyghtye God, that hath appoynted vs suche a Kynge and gouernour, that forbyddeth not laye men to gather and leaze in the lordes haruest, but rather commaundeth the reapers to cast out of their handfulles among vs, that we maye boldly gather wythout rebuke: perceyuyng also that your maiestie hath so searched ẏ fountaines of the scriptures, that yet being young, you vnderstande theym better then manye elders, the verye meane to

attayne

attayne to the perfyte gouernement of this your realme, to goddes glory, the prosperitie of the publique wealthe, & to the comforte of all youre maiesties subiectes: Seeynge furdre that youre tender and Godly zeale doethe more delyghte in the holye songes of veritie than in anye fayned rimes of vanitie, I am encouraged to trauayle furdre in the sayed boke of psalmes, trustyng that as your grace taketh pleasure to heare them song somtimes of me, so ye wyll also delyghte not onlye to see and reade them your selfe, but also to commaũde thẽ to be song to you of others: ẏ as ye haue ẏ psalme it selfe in youre mynde, so ye maye iudge myne endeuoure by your eare. And yf I maye percepue your maiestie wyllynglye to accepte my wyll herein, where my doyng is no thanke wurthy, & to fauour so this my begynnyng ẏ my labor be acceptable, in perfourmyng the residue,

I shall endeuoure my selfe wyth dilli-
gence, not onelye to enterpryse that
which better learned ought more iust-
lye to doe, but also to perfourme that
without fault, whiche youre maiestie
wil receyue with iuste thanke. The
Lorde of earthly kynges geue
your grace, daily increase of
honour and vertue, and
fulfyll all your godly
requestes
in him, without whose gifte
we haue or can ob-
tayne nothyng.
Amen.

The fyrſt Pſalme.

Beatus Vir.

Howe happy be the righteous men,
this Pſalme declareth playne:
And howe the wayes of wycked men,
be damnable and vayne.

THe mā is bleſt that hath not gon
by wycked rede aſtraye,
Ne ſate in chayre of peſtilence,
nor walkt in ſinners waye.
But in the lawe of God the Lorde,
doeth ſet his whole delyght,
and in that lawe doeth exercyſe,
hym ſelfe both day and nyght.
And as the tree that planted is
faſt by the ryuer ſyde:
Euen ſo ſhall he bryng forth his frute
in his due tyme and tyde.
His leafe ſhall neuer fall a waye
but floryſhe ſtyll and ſtande,
Eche thyng ſhal proſper wonderous
that he doeth take in hande. (wel

So ſhall the vngodly doe,
they ſhalbe nothyng ſo,
But as the duſt whiche frō the earth,
the windes dryue to and fro.
Therfore ſhall not the wicked men,
in iudgement ſtande vpright,
Ne yet in counſel of the iuſt,
but ſhalbe voyde of myght.
For why the waye of godly men,
vnto the lorde is knowen,
And eke the waye of wicked men,
ſhall quite be ouerthrowen.

The.ii.Pſalme.

Quare fremuerunt.

How Heathen kinges did Chriſt wſtande,
yet he was kyng of all.
And of the counſell that he gaue,
to kynges terreſtiall.

WHy dyd ỹ gentiles fret & fume,
what rage was in their braine:
Why dyd the Jewiſhe people muſe,
matters that were vayne:
The kynges and rulers of the earth
ſtode

ſtode vp and did conuent,
Againſt the lord and Chriſt his ſonne
whiche he among vs ſent.
Shal we be bound to them ſay they:
let all their bondes be broke,
And of their doctrine and theyr lawe
let vs reiecte the yoke.
But he that in the heauen dwelth,
their doynges will deryde:
And make thē al as mocking ſtockes
through out the worlde ſo wyde.
For in his wrath ỹ lorde will ſpeake
to them vpon a daye,
And in his fury trouble them,
and than the lorde wil ſaye:
Of hym was I appoynted kynge
vpon his holy hill,
To preache the people hys preceptes
and to declare hys wyll.
For in this wyſe the lorde hymſelfe
dyd ſay to me I wot,
Thou art my dere and onely ſonne,
to daye I the begot.

All people I shall geue to the,
as heyres at thy request:
The endes and coastes of all ỹ earth,
by the shall be possest.
Thou shalt thē rule, and gouerne al,
and breake them lyke a God,
As thou wouldest breake an earthen (pot
euen with an yron rod.
Nowe ye, O kynges and rulers all,
be wyse therfore and lernde,
By whom the matters of the worlde,
be iudged and discernde.
Se that ye serue the Lorde aboue,
in tremblyng and in fere:
He that with reuerence ye reioyce
to him in lyke manere.
He that ye kysse and eke embrace,
his blessed sonne I saye,
Lest in his wrathe ye perishe all,
and wandre from his waye.
For whan his wrath full sodenly
shall kiendle in his brest,
Than all that put their trust in hym,

shall

shall certaynely be blest.

The.iii. Psalme.

Domine quid multiplicati sunt.

The passion here is fygured,
and howe Christ rose agayne:
So is the churche and faythfull men,
theyr trouble and theyr payne.

O Lorde how many do encrease,
and trouble me full sore,
Howe many saye vnto my soule,
God wyll him saue no more?
But thou O lorde art my defence,
whan I am harde bestead,
My worshyp & myne honoure bothe
and thou holdest vp my head.
And with my voyce vpon the lorde,
I do both call and cry,
And he out of his holy hill,
doeth heare me by and by.
I layed me downe, and quietly
I slept and rose agayne:
For why, I knowe assuredly,
the Lorde wyll me sustayne.

Ten thousand mē haue cōpast me
yet am I not afrayde,
For thou art styll my lorde my god,
my sauiour and myne ayde.
Thou smytest all thyne enemyes,
euen on the harde cheke bone,
And thou hast broken all the teth
of eche vngodly one.
Saluacion onely doeth belong
to the O lorde aboue,
Bestowe therfore vpon thy folke,
thy blessyng and thy loue.

The.iiii.Psalme.

Cum inuocarem.

God heard the prayer of the Churche,
mennes vanities are shent.
With sacrifice of righteousnes,
the lorde is best content:

O God that art my righteousnesse
Lorde heare me when I call,
Thou hast set me at lybertie,
whan I was bonde and thrall.
O mortall men how long wyll ye,
the glory of God despise,

Why wandre ye in vanitie,
and folowe after lyes:
Knowyng that good and godly men
the lorde doeth take and chuse,
And when to him I make my plainte
he doeth me not refuse.
Sinne not, but stand in awe therfore
examine well thine harte,
And in thy chambre quietly,
thou shalt thy selfe conuert:
Offre to God the sacrifice,
of rightwisenes I saye,
And looke that in the lyuing lorde,
thou put thy trust alwaye.
The greater sorte craue worldly
and riches do embrace, (goodes
But lord graunt vs thy countenaūce
thy fauour and thy grace.
Wherwith ÿ shalt make al our her-
more ioyfull and more glad, (tes
Than they that of thy corne and wine
full great increase haue had.
In peace therfore lye downe wyll I
takyng

takyng my reſt and ſlepe:
For thou arte he that only doeſt.
all men in ſaketie kepe.

The.v.Pſalme.

Verba mea auribus percipe domine.

The churche doeth pray and prophecie
that god doeth not regarde,
Liers and bloudy Siſmatikes,
but good men haue rewarde.

POnder my wordes O lord aboue
my ſtudye lorde conſider,
And heare my voice my king my God
to the I make my prayer.
Lorde thou ſhalt heare me cal betime
for I wyll haue reſpecte,
My prayer eatly in the morne,
to the for to dyreste.
And only the I wyll beholde,
thou arte the God alone,
that is not pleaſed with wyckedneſſe
and euyll in the is none.
And in thy ſyght there ſhal not ſtand
theſe

these furious fooles O lorde,
Vayne workers of intquitie
of the shalbe abhorde.

The lyers and the flatterers,
thou shalt destroye them than:
And thou wylt hate the bloude thir-
and the deceitefull man. (stye

But I wyll come into thy house,
trusting vpon thy grace:
And reuerently wyll wurship the,
towarde thyne holy place.

Lorde lead me in thy righteousnesse,
for to confounde my foes,
And eke the waye that I shall walke
before my face disclose.

For in their mouthes there is no (trueth
their harte is foule and vayne,
Their throte an open sepulchre,
their tonges do glose and fayne.

Condemne them & their counsayles
let their deuyse decay, (all,
Subuerte the in their heapes of sinne
for they did the betraye.

But

But those ỹ put their trust in thee
let them be glad alwayes,
And rendre thankes for thy defence,
And geue thy name the prayse.
For thou with fauour folowest,
the iust and righteouse styll,
And with thy grace as with a shilde,
defendest him from yll.

The.xx.Psalme.

Exaudiat te deus.

As God preserued Christ his sonne,
in trouble and in thrall,
So whan we call vpon the Lorde,
he wyll preserue vs all.

IN tronble and aduersitie
the Lorde will heare the styll,
The maiestie of Jacobs God,
will the defende from yll.
And sende the from his holy place,
his helpe at euery nede,
And so in Sion stablishe the,
and make the strong in dede.

Re=

Remembryng well the sacrifice,
that thou to him hast done:
And doeth receyue ryght thankefully
thyne offerynges euerychone.
Accordyng to thy hartes desire,
the lorde wyll gyue to the,
And all thy counsell and deuise,
full well perfourme will he.
In thy saluation we reioyce,
and magnifie the lorde,
That thy petitions and request
preserued with his worde.
The lorde will his annoynted saue
I knowe well by his grace,
And send him helth, frō his righthand
out of his holy place,
In charets some put confidence,
and some in horses trust,
But we remembre God our Lorde,
that kepeth promyse iust.
They fall downe flat, but we do rise
and stand vp stedfastly,
Now saue and helpe vs lorde & kyng

on the when we shall crye.

The.xxv.Psalme.

At te dominine leuaui.

For ayed agaynste her enemyes
the faythfull churche doeth pray,
For pacyence in aduersitie,
and for the perfyt way.

I Lifte myne harte to the,
my God and guyde most iust,
Nowe sucker me to take no shame,
for in the do I trust.

Let not my foes reioyce,
and make a scorne of me,
And let not them be ouerthrowen,
that put their trust in the.

Confounded are all suche,
whose doinges are but vayne,
O lorde therfore thy pathes & wayes,
declare vnto me playne.

Directe me in thy strength,
And teache me I the praye,
Thou art my God and sauiour,
that helpest me euery daye.

Thy mercies manyfolde,
I praye the lorde remembre,
And eke thy pitie plentifull,
that doeth indure for euer.
Remembre not the faultes,
and frayltie of my youth,
Remembre not howe ygnoraunt,
I haue bene of thy trouth.
Nor after my desertes,
let me thy mercy fynde,
But of thyne owne benignitie,
lorde haue me in thy mynde.
His mercy is full swete,
his truth the perfite waye,
Therfore the lorde wyll geue a lawe
to them that go astraye.
For all the wayes of God,
are truth and mercy both,
To them that seke his testament,
the wytnes of his trouth.
Nowe for thy holy name
Olorde, I the intreate,
To graunt me pardon for my synne,

for it is wonderous great.
Whoso doth feare the lorde,
the lorde doeth him directe,
To lead his lyfe in suche a waye,
as he doth best accepte.
His soule shall euermore
in goodnes dwell and stande,
His sede and his posteritie
inherit shall the lande.
To those that feare the lorde
he is a firmament,
And vnto them he doeth declare,
his will and testament.
Myne eates and eke my harte
to him I wyll aduaunce,
That plukt my feete out of the snare
of wilfull ignoraunce.
With mercy me beholde,
to the I make my mone,
For I am poore and solitary,
comfortles alone.
The troubles of myne harte,
are multiplyed in dede,

Bryng me out of this mysery,
necessitie and nede.
Beholde my pouertie,
myne angupshe and my payne,
Rempytte my sinne and myne offence,
and make me cleane agayne.
O Lorde beholde my foes,
howe they doe styll increase:
Pursuing me with dedly hate,
that fayne woulde lyue in peace.
Preserue and kepe my soule,
and eke delyuer me,
And let me not be ouerthrowen,
because I trust in the.
The iust and innocente
by me do stycke and stande,
Because I loke for to receyue,
my succour at thy hande.
Delyuer lorde thy folke,
that be of thy beleefe,
Delyuer lorde thyne Israell,
from all his payne and grife.

The.xxviii.Psalme.

At te domine clamabo.

This psalme setteth out the pharisees with flattering hartes vnclcane, And sheweth how God is all our strength, by Christ our onely meane.

O Lorde I call to the for helpe,
and yf thou me forsake,
I shall be lykened vnto them,
that fall into the lake.
The voice of thy suppliaunt heare
that vnto the doeth crye,
Wlhan I lyft vp my hart and handes
vnto thy heauens hye.
Repute not me among the sorte
of wicked and peruerte,
That speake tighte fayre vnto their (frendes
and thinke ful cupl in herte.
Accordyng to their handy worke,
as they deserue in dede,
And after their inuencions,
let them receiue their mede.

They not regard the wozkes of God
his lawe ne yet his loze,
Therfoze wyll he their wozkes & them
destroy foz euermoze.
To rendze thankes vnto the lozde,
howe great a cause haue I,
My voice my prayer and my cõplaint
that hearde so wyllyngly:
He is my shylde and foztitude,
my buckler in distresse,
My hope, my helpe, my hartes releke,
my song shall hym confesse.
He is our strength and our defence,
our emnies to resist,
The helth and the saluacion,
of his electe by Chzisse.
Thy people and thyne heritage,
thy blessed wozde pzeserue,
Extoll thy flocke with faithfull foode
that they maye neuer swerue.

The .xix. Psalme.

Afferte domino.

As Dauid dyd the temple decke,
with yerthly sacrifice,
So Christes churche with spirituall giftes
Ye must adorne lykewyse.

GEue to the Lorde ye potentates
and prynces of the worlde,
Ye Rammes that guyde the Christen
geue laude vnto the lorde. (flocke,

Geue glory to his holy name
and honor hym alone,
Worshyp him in his maiestie,
within his holy throne,

His voyce doeth rule the waters all
euen as hymselfe doeth please,
He doeth prepare the thunderclappes
and gouerneth all the seas.

Of vertue is the voyce of God,
and wondrous excellent
Of greate purpose and effecte,
and muche magnificent.

His voyce doeth breake in Libanus,
the Cedre trees full long,
which for their highnes are comparde

to

to myghtie men and strong.

Whom God wyll strike with feare=
and make them all as milde, (fulnes,
As calues that come to sacrifice,
or vnicorns full wilde.

His voyce deuideth flames of fiere,
and shaketh the wildernes,
He maketh the desert quake for feare
that called is Cades.

His voice doeth make ỹ wyld hartes
and maketh the couerte playne, (tame
And in his temple euery man,
his glory doeth proclayme.

He stayed the rage of Noes floude,
and stopped the red see,
And kepeth his seate as lorde & kinge
in his eternitee.

The lord doeth geue his people power
in vertue to increase,
The lorde doeth blesse his people eke,
with euerlasting peace.

¶ The.xxxii. Psalme.

Beati quorum.

God promyseth saluation,
to the repentaunte harte,
Of his mere mercy and his grace,
not for the mannes deserte.

THe man is blest whose wickednes
the lorde hath clene remytted,
And he whose synne and wretchednes
is hid also and couered.

And blest is he to whom the lorde
imputeth not his sinne,
Whiche in his harte hath hyd no gyle
nor fraude is founde therin.

For whiles ỹ I kept close my synne,
in sylence and constraynte,
My bones dyd weare and wast awaye
with dayly mone and playnte.

For nyght & daye thy hande on me
so greuouse was and sinerte,
That al my bloud and humors moist
to dryneſſe dyd conuerte.

But whan I had confest my fautes

and

and shroue me in thy syght,
My selfe accusing of my synne,
thou diddest forgyue me quite.
Let euery good man pray therfore,
and thanke the lorde in tyme,
And then ỹ floudes of euil thoughtes
shall haue no power of him.
Whan trouble and aduersitie,
do compasse me aboute,
Thou art my refuge and my ioye,
and thou doest ryde me out.
I shal instructe the sayth the Lorde,
howe thou shalte walke and serue,
And bende myne eyes vpō thy wayes
and so shall the preserue.
Be not therfore so ignorannte,
as is the asse and mule,
whose mouthe without a rayne or bit
ye can not guyde or rule.
For many be the miseries
that wicked men sustayne,
Yet vnto them that trust in God,
his goodnes doth remayne.

Be mery therfore in the lorde,
ye iust lifte vp your voyce:
And ye of pure and perfyt harte
be glad and eke reioyce.

Benedicam dominum. psal. xxxiii.

The prophete Dauid prayseth god,
Warning vs to forbeare
From euill, and exorteth vs
to leue in godly feare.

I Wyll geue laude and honor both
vnto the lorde alwayes:
And eke my mouth for euermore,
shall speake vnto his prayse.

I doe delyght to laude the lorde,
in soule and eke in voyce,
That simple menne that suffer payne,
may heare and so reioyce,

Therfore see that ye magnifie,
With me the lyuyng lorde,
And let vs nowe exalte his name
togyther with one accorde.

For I my selfe besought the lorde,
he answered me agayne,

And me delyuered incontinent,
from all my feare and payne.
Whoso they be that hym beholde,
and shewe hym theyr vnrest,
He dasheth not their countenaunce,
but graunteth their request.
Whoso in their afflictions,
vnto the lorde doe call,
He heareth their sute without delaye
and rydth them out of thrall.
The aungell of the lord doth pitche
his tentes in euery place,
To saue all suche as feare the lorde,
that nothyng them deface.
See and consider well therfore,
that God is good and iust,
And they be blest that put in him,
theyr onely fayth and trust.
Feare ye the lorde his holyones,
aboue all earthly thyng,
For they that feare the liuing lorde,
are sure to lacke nothyng.
The mightie & the riche shall want

ye

yea thirſt and hunger muche,
But as for them that feare the lorde
no lacke ſhalbe to ſuche.
Come nere therfore my children dere
and to my worde geue eare,
I ſhall you teache the perfect waye,
howe you the lorde ſhould feare
Who ſo woulde leade a bleſſed lyfe,
muſt earneſtly deuiſe,
His tong and lyppes from all deceyte
to kepe in any wiſe.
And turne his face from doing yll
and do the godly dede.
Enquyre for peace and quietnes,
and folowe her with ſpede.
For why, the eyes of God aboue
vpon the iuſt are bente,
His eares likewiſe are geuen muche
to heare the innocent.
The lorde doeth frowne & bende hys
vpon the wicked crayne, (browes
And cutteth away the memory,
that ſhoulde of them remayne.

But

But whan the iust do call and crye,
the lorde doeth heare them so,
That out of payne and mysery,
forth with he letteth them go.
The lorde is kynde and mercifull,
to suche as be contrite:
He saueth also the sorowfull,
the meke and poore in spirite.
Full many be the miseries,
that righteouse men do suffer,
But out of all aduersities,
the lorde doeth them delyuer.
The lorde doth so preserue and kepe
the bones of his alwaye,
That not so muche as one of them
doth perishe or decaye.
The wycked dye full wretchedly
they seke none other boote,
And those that hate the rightwyseme,
are pluct vp by the roote.
But they that serue the lyuyng lorde
the lorde doeth saue them sound,
And who that put their trust in hym
nothyng shall them confounde.

Beatus qui intelligit. pſal. xli.

The lorde wyll helpe that manne agayne
that helpeth poore and weke,
The paſſion here is fygured,
and reſarrection eke.

THe manne is bleſt that careful is
the nedy to conſyder,
For in the ſeaſon perilous,
the lorde will hym deliuer.
The lord wyl make him ſake & ſoude
and happy in the lande,
And he wyll not delyuer hym,
into his enemyes hande.
And in his bed whan he lyeth ſicke,
the lorde will him reſtore,
And thou O lord wilt turne to health,
his ſickenes and his ſore.
And in my ſickenes thus ſaye I,
haue mercy lorde on me,
And heale my ſoule whiche is ful woe
that I offended the.
Myne enemies gaue me yll repoꝛte,
and thus of me they ſaye,

Whan

Whan shall he dye that all his name
maye vanishe quite awaye.
And where as they goe in and out
for to beholde and see,
They muse muche mischiefe in their (hartes
what so their sayinges be.
Mine enemies runne against me stil
together on a throng,
To take a councell, and conspire,
howe they maye doe me wrong.
Agreyng on a wicked woorde,
and doe determine plaine,
Be he destroyed with death saye they
he shall not ryse agayne.
The man eke that I trusted moste,
with me dyd vse dysceyte,
Whiche eate with me ỹ breade of lyfe,
the same for me layed wayte.
Haue mercie Lorde on me therefore
and let me be preserude,
That I may rendre vnto them
the thynges they haue deserude.
By thys I knowe assuredly,

to be beloued of the,
Whã ỹ myne enemies haue no cause
to triumphe ouer me.
Because that I am innocent,
Lorde strengthe me I the prayе,
And in thy presence poynte my place
where I shall dwell for aye.
The Lord the God of Israell,
be prayled nowe therfore,
Whiche hath bene euerlastyngly,
and shall be euermore.

Audite hec gentes. psalme. xlix.

Though riche men doe oppresse the poore,
discourage not therfore,
For vaynly trustyng in their goodes,
they perysche euermore.

ALL people harken and geue eare,
to that that I shall tell,
Both high & low both riche & poore,
that in the worlde doe dwell.
For why my mouth shall make dis-
of many thynges right wyse, (course
In vnderstandyng shall my harte,

hys

his ſtudy exercile.
I wyll enclyne myne eare to knowe,
the parables ſo darke.
And open all my doubtfull ſpeache,
in metre on my harpe.
The wycked dayes and euyll tyme
why ſhoulde I feare and doubt,
When the oppreſſours myſcheuous,
doe compaſſe me about?
For ſome there be that ryches haue
in whom their truſt is moſt,
And of their treaſures infinite,
them ſelues doe bragge and boſt.
No man can yet by any meane,
his brothers death redeme,
Or make agrement acceptable
vnto God for hym.
Or pay the raunſome for his ſoule,
that he may lyue for euer,
And taſt of no corrupcion,
this lyeth in no mans power.
We ſee that wyſe men dye as ſeone,
as folyſhe men and fonde,

And both doe leaue to other men,
their goodes and eke their londe.
Although they buylde them houses
and doe determine sure, (kayre
To make theyr name righte greate in
for euer to endure. (earth
We see agayne it is not geuen,
with riches to haue reast,
But in that poynte a riche man is,
compared to a beast,
This is the foolishe way they walke
with pompe to get them fame,
And all their frendes that folow them
doe muche commende thesame,
Whom death wyll soone deuour like
whan they are brought to hell, (shepe
Then shall the iust in lyght reioyce
whan they in darkenes dwell.
Yet for all this I trust that God,
wyll saue my soule from payne,
And from all suche infernall power,
and comforte me agayne.
If any man waxe woonders sycke,

feare

feare not I saye therfore,
Although the glory of his house,
increaseth more and more.
For when he dieth, of al these thinges
nothing shall he receyue:
His glory wyll not folowe him,
his pompe wyl take her leaue.
Yet in this lyfe he taketh himselfe
the happiest vnder Sunne,
And doeth commende all other menne,
that doeth as he hath done.
But when he shall goe to his kynde
where his forefathers be,
He shall his felowes fynde full darke
that lyght shall neuer see.
A folysshe man whome riches hath
to honor thus prefarde,
That doeth not knowe & vnderstand,
is to a beast compardе.

Quam bonus Israell. psal. lxxiii.

He woundreth howe the foes of god,
doe prosper and encrease.
And howe the good and godly men
doe seldome lyue in peace.

HOw good is God to ſuche as be
of pure and perfit hart:
Yet ſlippe my feete awaye from him,
my ſteppes declyne aparte.
And why, becauſe I fondely fall
in enuy and dyſdayne,
That wicked men all thynges enioye
without diſeaſe or payne.
And beare no yoke vpon theyr necke
nor burden on their backe,
And as for ſtooze of worldly goodes,
they haue no want or lacke.
And free from all aduerſitie,
when other men be ſhent,
And with the reſt they take no parte,
of plage or punyſhement.
Wherby they be full glorioullye
in pride ſo high extolde,
And in their wrong and violence,
be wrapt ſo many folde:
That by aboundaũce of their goodes
they pleaſe their appetyte,
And doe all thynges accordindly,

vnto

vnto their hartes delyte.

All thinges are vile in their respect
sauing themselues alone,
The bragge their mysches openly
to make their power be knowen.
The heauens and the lyuing lorde
they care not to blaspheme,
And looke what thynge they talke or
the worlde doeth wel esteme. (saye
The flocke therfore of flatterers
doe furnishe vp their trayne:
For there they be full sure to sucke,
some profite and some gayne.
Tush tush saye they vnto themselues,
is there a God aboue,
That knoweth and suffereth all thys
and wyll not vs reproue: (yll
Loe ye may see howe wycked menne,
in riches styll increase.
Rewarded wel with worldely goodes,
and lyue in rest and peace
Than why doe I from wickednesse,
my fantasie refrayne,

And wash my hãdes with innocentes
and clense my harte in vayne:
And suffre scourges euery daye,
as subiecte to all blame,
And euery morynynge from my youth,
sustayne rebuke and shame.
And I had almost sayed as they,
mistyking myne estate,
But that I should, thy children iudge
as folke vnfortunate.
Than I be thought me how I might
this matter vnderstande:
But yet the labour was to greate,
for me to take in hande.
Untill the tyme I went into
thy holy place, and then,
I vnderstode right perfectly, the ende
of all these men.
And namely howe thou settest them
vnto a slyppry place:
And at thy pleasure and thy wyll,
thou doest them all deface.
Than lorde how soone doe they con-
sume and

and fearefully decay:
Muche lyke a dreame when one awa-
their image passeth awaye. (keth
Thus greued was my hart ful sore
my mynde was muche oppreast,
So fonde was I and ignorraunt,
and in thy syght a beast.
Yet neuertheles by my ryght hande
thou holdest me alwayes fast,
And with thy councel doest me gyde,
to glorye at the laste.
What place is there prepared than
for me in heauen aboue:
There is nothing in earth lyke the
that I desire or loue.
My flesche & eke my harte doe fayle,
but God doth fayle me neuer,
For of my harte God is the strength,
my porcion eke for euer.
And loe all suche as the forsake,
shall perysche euery chone,
And those that trust in any thyng,
sauyng in the alone.

Attendite

Attendite, psal. lxxviii.

The couenaunt & the wonderous worke of God in Israell.
And howe he proued them with plagues, and yet howe ofte they fell.

ATtende my people to my lawe,
and to my woorde enclime,
My mouth shall speake straunge pa-
and sentences diuine. (rables
Which we our selues haue hearde
euen of our fathers olde, (a lene
And which for our instruction,
our fathers haue vs tolde.
Bycause we should not kepe it close
from them that should come after,
But shew the power & glory of God,
and all his workes of wonder.
With Jacob he the couenaunt made
howe Israel shoulde lyue,
And made their fathers thesame lawe
vnto their children geue.
That they and their posterite,
that were not sprong vp tho,

Shoulde haue the knowlege of the
and teache their sede also. (lawe,
That they myght haue the better
in God that is aboue, (hope
And not forget to kepe his lawes
and his preceptes in loue.
Not being as their fathers were,
a kynde of suche a sprite,
That woulde not frame their wycked
to knowe their God aryght. (hartes
Howe went the people of Ephraim
their neyghbours for to spoyle:
Shotinge their dartes ỹ day of warre
and yet they toke the foyle:
For why they dyd not kepe with
the couenaunt that was made. (God
Nor yet would walke or leade their li-
ues according to his trade.
But put into oblituon,
his councell and his wyll,
And all his workes most magnifique
which he declared styll.
What wonders to oure forefathers

dyd

dyd he hymselfe disclose,
In Egipt lande within the fielde,
that called is Thaneos.
He dyd deuide and cutte the sea,
that they myght passe at once,
And made the water stande as styll,
as doeth a heape of stones.
He led them secrete in a cloude,
by daye whan it was bryght,
And all the nyght whan darke it was
with fier he gaue them lyght.
He brake the rockes in wyldernesse
and gaue the people drynke:
As plentifull as whan the depes,
doe flowe vp to the brynke.
He drewe out riuers out of rockes,
that were both drye and harde.
Of suche aboundaunce ỹ no fluddes
to them myght be comparde.
Yet for al this agaynst the Lorde,
their sinne dyd styll increase:
And stirred hym that is most highe
to wrath, in wildernes.

Attemp-

Attemptyng hym within theyr hartes
lyke people of mistrust,
Requiring suche a kynde of meate,
as serued to their lust.
Saying with murmuracion,
in their vnfaithfulnes,
Cannot this God prepare for vs,
a feast in wyldernes?
Beholde he strake the stony rocke
and studdes furthwith did flowe,
Doubte not ẏ he can geue his folke
both breade and flesshe also.
Whã god heard this he waxed wroth
with Jacob and his sede,
So did his indignacion,
on Israel procede.
Bycause they did not faithfully
beleue and hope, that he
Coulde alwaies helpe & succour them
in their necessitie.
Wherfore he dyd cõmaunde ẏ cloudes
forthwith they brake in sunder, (des
And rained downe *manna* for thẽ to eate
a food

a foode of mykell wunder.

When earthly men with Aungels
were fedde at their requeſt, (foode
He bad the eaſt wynde blowe awaye,
and brought in the ſouth weſt.

And rayned downe fleſh as thicke as
and foule as thicke as ſande, (duſt
which he dyd caſt a mydde the place
where all their tenttes dyd ſtande.

Than dyd they eate excedingly,
and all men had their kylles,
Nothyng dyd want to their deſyre
he gaue them all their willes.

But as the meate was in their mou-
his wrath vpon them fell. (thes
And ſlewe the floure of all the youth,
and chopſe of Iſrael.

Yet fell they to their wonted ſynne
and ſtyll they dyd hym greue,
For al the wonders that he wrought
they had no faſt beleſe.

Their dayes therfore he ſhortened
and made their honour vayne,

Their

Theyr yeares did wast & passe awaie,
with terroure and with paine.
But euer whan he plaged them,
they sought him by and by,
Remembryng then he was their
their helpe & God most hye. (strength
Though in their mouthes they dyd
and flatter with the lorde, (but glose
And w theyr tonges & in their hartes
dissembled euery woorde.
For why their hartes were nothyng
to him nor to his trade, (bente
Nor yet to kepe or to perfourme,
the couenaunt that was made.
Yet he was styll so mercifull,
whan they deserude to dye,
That he forgaue them their mysdedes
and would not them destroye.
Yea many a tyme he turned his
and dyd himselfe auyse, (wrath
And woulde not suffre all his whole
displeasure to aryse.
Consydering that they were but flesh

and

and euen as a wynde,
That passeth away and cannot well,
returne by his owne kynde.
Howe often tymes in wyldernes,
dyd they their lorde prouoke:
Howe dyd they moue and styrre theyr
to plage them with his stroke: (lorde,
Yea when they were conuerted well,
of purpose they would moue,
The holy one of Israell,
his power for to proue.
Not thinking of his hande & power
nor of the daye when he,
Deliuered them out of the bon-
dage of the enemy.
Nor howe he wrought his miracles
as they themselues behelde,
In Egipte, and the wonders that
he dyd in zoan fielde.
Nor howe he turned by his power,
their waters into bloud,
That no mā might receiue his drinke
at riuer ne at floud.

No

Noz how he sent them flyes and lice
whiche did vpon them craull,
And filled the coũtrey full of frogges
to trouble them withall.
Noz how he did commit their fruites
vnto the Caterpyller,
And all the labour of their handes
he gaue to the grasse hopper.
With hailstones he destroyed their vines
so that they were all lost,
And also theyr mulberitrees,
he did consume with frost.
And yet with hailstones once againe
the Lorde their cattell smote,
And all their flockes & herbes likewise
with thunder boltes full hote.
He cast vpon them in his ire,
and in his fury strong,
Displeasure, wrathe, and aungels yll
to trouble them among.
Than to his wrathe he made awaye
and spared not the leaste,
But gaue vnto the pestilence,

the man and eke the beast.
He strake also the first borne all,
that vp in Egypt came:
And all that they had laboured for,
within the tentes of Ham.
But as for all his owne dere folke
he dyd preserue and kepe,
And carred them through wyldernes
euen lyke a flocke of shepe.
Without al feare bouth safe & sound
he brought them out of thrall
Whereas their foes with rage of sea,
were ouer whelmed all.
And brought them out into the bor-
ders of his holy lande,
Euen to the mount which he had pur-
chased with right hande.
And there cast out the heathen folke,
and dyd their lande deuide,
And in their tentes he sette the tribes
of Israel to abyde.
Yet for al this their god most highe
they styred and tempted styll,

And

And woulde not kepe his testamente
nor yet obey his wyll.
But as their fathers turned backe,
euen so they went astray,
Muche lyke a bowe that woulde not
but brake and start a way. (bende
And greued him w̄ their hil Aulters
their lyghtes & with their fire,
And with their Idols vehemently
prouoked hym to Ire.
Therwith his wrath began agayne,
to kyndle in his brest,
The naughtines of israell,
he dyd so muche detest.
Than he forsoke the tabernacle
of Silo, where he was,
Right conuersaunt with erthly men
euen as his dwellyng place.
Than suffered he their might & power
in bondage for to stande,
And gaue the bewtie of his folke,
into their enemies haude.
And dyd cōmit them to the sworde,
wroth

wroth with his heritage,
The yong men were deuoured wt fyre,
maydes had no mariage.
And with the sword the prieſtes also
dyd perysshe euerychone,
And not a wyddowe left a lyue,
theyr saute for to bemone.
And that the lorde began to wake
lyke one that slepte a tyme,
Or lyke a souldier, that had bene,
refreshed well with wine.
With emerawdes in ỹ hindre partes
he strake his enemies all:
And put them then vnto a shame,
that was perpetuall.
Than he the tent and tabernacle,
of Joseph dyd refuse,
As for the trybe of Ephraim,
he woulde in no wise chuse.
But chose the trybe of Juda,
whereas he thought to dwell:
Euen the mounte of Syon,
whiche he did loue so well.

Where

Where as he dyd his temple buylde,
both sumptuously and sure,
Like to ỹ ground which he hath made
for euer to endure.
Than chose he Dauid hym to serue
his people for to kepe,
Which he toke vp and brought away
euen from the foldes of shepe,
As he did folowe the ewes w̃ yonge
the lorde did him auaunce.
To fede his people of Israel,
and his inheritaunce.
Than Dauid with a faithfull harte
his flocke and charge did fede:
And prudently with al his power,
dyd gouerne them in dede.

Benedic anima mea. psal. ciii.

To God for all his benefites,
we render thankes eche one,
Who knoweth the frailtie of vs all,
and helpeth vs alone.

My soule geue laude vnto ỹ lord
my spirite shall doe the same,
And all the secretes of my heart,
prayse ye his holy name.

Geue thãkes to god for al his giftes
shewe not thy selfe vnkind,
And suffer not his benefites,
to slyppe out of thy mynde.

That gaue the pardon for thy faute
and the restored agayne,
For al thy weake and frayle disease,
and healed the of thy payne.

That dyd redeme thy lyfe from death
from which thou couldest not flee,
His mercy and compassion both,
he dyd extende to thee.

That filled with goodnes thy desire
and dyd prolong thy youth,
Lyke as the egle casteth her byll,
whereby her age renueth.

The lorde with iustice doeth reuẽge
all suche as be oppress:
The pacience of the perfit man, is

is turned to the best,
His waies & his cõmaundementes
to Moyses he did showe.
His counsels eke with his consentes,
the Israelites do knowe.
The Lorde is kynde and merciful,
when sinners doth him greue,
The slowest to conceyue a wrath,
and rediest to forgeue.
He chydeth not vs continually,
thoughe we be full of strife,
Nor kepeth our fautes in memorie,
for all our synfull lyfe.
Nor yet accordyng to our synnes,
the lorde doeth vs regarde,
Nor after our iniquities,
he doth not vs rewarde.
But as ỹ space is wonderous greate
twixt earth and heauen aboue,
So is his goodnes much more large
to them that do him loue.
He doth remoue our synnes from vs
and out offences all,

as farre as is the ſunne riſing,
full diſtant from all his fall.

And loke what pitie parentes dere
vnto their children beare,
Lyke pitie beareth the Lorde to ſuche
as wurſhip him with feare.

The Lorde ẏ made vs knoweth our
our moulde and faſhion iuſt, (ſhape
Howe weake and frayle our nature is
and howe we be but duſt.

And howe the tyme of mortall men
is lyke the widdering hay,
Or lyke the floure right fayre in felde
that fadeth full ſoone away.

Whoſe gloſſe and beautie ſtormy
doe vtterly diſgrace, (wyndes
And make that after their aſſautes,
ſuche bloſſomes haue no place.

But yet the goodnes of the lorde,
with his ſhall euer ſtande,
Their childrens children dyd receyue,
his rightwiſenes at hande.

That they may kepe their promiſes
with

with all their whole desire,
And not forget to do the thing,
that he dyd them requiere.

The heauens hye are made the seat
and fotestole of the lorde,
And by his power imperiall,
he gouerneth all the worlde.

Ye angels and ye vertuous men
laude ye the lorde I saye,
That ye may both fulfyll his hestes
and to his wordes obeye.

His host and eke his ministers,
cease not but laude hym styll,
And ye also that execute
his pleasure and his wyll.

Let all his workes in euery place,
geue laude vnto the lorde,
My harte my mynd and eke my soule,
shall therunto accorde

Ad dominum cum tribularer. pſal. cxx.

The good men crye and muche lament,
that they ſo long doe dwell
In company of carnall men,
the ſonnes of Iſmaell:

IN trouble and in thrall,
Vnto the lorde I call,
And he doeth me comforte:
Deliuer me I ſaye.
From lyars lyppes alwaye,
And tongue of falſe reporte.
Howe hurtfull is the thyng,
Or els howe doeth it ſtyng,
The tongue of ſuche a lyer?
It hurteth no leſſe I wene,
Then arowes ſharpe and kene
Of whote conſumyng fier.
Alas to long I dwell,
with the ſonne of Iſmaell,
That Chedar is to name.
By whom the folke elect.
And all of Iſaacks ſect,
Are put to open ſhame.
With them that peace did hate,

I came a peace to make,
And set a quiet lyke.
But whan my worde was tolde,
Causeles I was controlde,
By them that woulde haue stryke.

Ad te leuaui. psal. cxxii.

The poore in spirit wayt for the lorde
tyll they some grace atteyne,
The proude and welthye pharisies
the simple folke disdayne.

O Lorde that heauen dost possesse
I lift myne eyes to the,
Euen as the seruaunt liketh his,
his masters handes to se.
As handmaides watch their mastres
some grace for to atcheue. (handes
So we beholde the lorde our God,
tyll he doe vs forgeue.

Lorde graunt vs thy compassion,
and mercy in thy syght,
For we befylled and ouercum,
with hatred and despyte.
Our mindes be stuffed wt great rebuke
the riche and worldly wyse Doe

Do make of vs their mocking ſtocke
the proude do vs deſpiſe.

Beati omnes. Pſal. Cxxxviii.

God bleſſeth with his benefites,
the man and eke the wyfe,
That in his wayes do rightly walke
and feare hym all their life.

BLeſſed art thou that feareſt God
and walkeſt in his waye,
For of thy labour thou ſhalt eate,
happie art thou I ſaye.

Lyke fruitfull vines on the houſe
ſo doeth thy wyfe ſpryng out, (ſydes
Thy childrē ſtand like Oliue buddes
thy table rounde about.

Thus art thou bleſt ỹ feareſt God
and he ſhall let thee ſee,
The promyſed Jeruſalem,
and his felicitie,
Thou ſhalt thy childres childzen ſee
to thy great ioyes encreaſe,
Full quietly in Iſraell,
to paſſe their tyme in peace.

Finis.

All faire and vvhite art thou my chvrche, and no ſpot is in thee.

I haue hated the malignaunt congregacion.

Thus saith the Lorde.

All faire and VVhite art thou my churche, and no spot is in thee.